

Phone Sex with the Chief by TheCharleeMonstah

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Relationships: Jim "Chief" Hopper/Original Female Character(s), Jim "Chief" Hopper/You

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Summary:

anon requested: Dirty talking Hopper on the phone please!

I have sinned... and i need a shower

Phone Sex with the Chief

You rolled around your bed and sighed. It was your day off, it should be illegal to be this bored! Just as you were started to drift off into a nap, the phone next to your bed rang.

“Hello?” you answered, yawning.

“Y/N?” Hopper asked, in a low tone on the other end. You sat up, rubbing your eyes.

“Hop, hey... something wrong?”

“Only thing wrong is that you’re not in front of me, sitting on my desk right now... What are you wearing, baby?”

Oh, someone was in the mood and bored at work. You smirked, rolling your eyes, “One of your flannels and those lacey black panties you like so much.”

“Nothing else? No bra?”

“No bra, no pants.”

“Good...” you could practically hear him smirking on the other end. “I miss you, Y/N. Work sucks today, been slow as hell and I’m stuck

in the office filling out paperwork... can't stop thinking about you...and what I would do to you if I had you here."

"Oh, is that so?" you bit your lip, pulling your knees to your chest, "What would you do to me if i came to the office right now, Jim Hopper?"

"Well... I'd start by kissing you... nipping at your lip in the way that makes you whimper for me the way that drives me insane... Then pick you up and sit your sweet ass on my desk so I could get to that beautiful pussy of yours... shimmy off those cute little, black, lacey panties, spread your legs and get my face nestled close between your thighs..."

"Oh, Hop..." you sighed, his gruff, low voice sending shivers up and down your spine. You slipped a hand down to rub yourself softly while he spoke. "Work your tongue in there... and those strong, nimble fingers of yours..."

"Mmm, yeah, baby.... I'd eat you out so much my beard would smell like you for days... the noises you would make getting me harder than I already am..."

You whimpered softly into the receiver, "Hopper..."

"Yeah...those noises... fuck, honey..." He sighed, hard. "You touching yourself, sugar?"

“I think there is an obvious answer to that question...”

“Shit...” you heard him shifting in his seat, “I need you, Y/N.”

“What next, Jim...” your breathing was heavy, egging him on.

“After I’ve made you cum once, I’d sit back in the chair, pulling out my cock that is so ready for you... I’d have you climb up on my lap and lower yourself on me... then i would pry off that top of yours and watch you as you bounce on my cock, filling you deep and hitting every spot inside that makes you-”

You cut him off with a sweet, aching moan as you slipped a couple of fingers inside yourself. You heard him cuss again before hearing the sound of his belt coming undone and zipper to follow.

“God, I can’t wait any longer, sweetheart....”

You smiled, biting your lip again, “I’d bounce on your cock while rubbing these tits in your face, just how you like it... riding you long and hard... H-Hopper... Oh, no... you like it when I call you... Chief, don't you?”

“Fuuuuuck, baby....” you heard him lay his head down on the desk, the faint noise of his watch hitting his belt buckle over and over told you he was in fact touching himself too.

“Oh, Chief Hopper, your cock feels so good inside me...” you moaned

to him, knowing just how much you drove him mad. The faint tinkling of his watching quickened. “You’re so bad... fucking me at work like this, but god I couldn’t wait for you any longer, I needed your body right now.”

He dropped to an even lower whisper this time, “God, baby, I’m close...”

“Cum for me, Chief... Oh, Hopper, cum inside me...”

You heard him grunt softly, dropping the phone on the desk. You laughed lightly, imagining him scrambling to avoid a mess. Seconds later, he picked up the phone again. “Fuck, honey...”

“You make a mess, Jim?”

He hesitated, “Yeah... little bit...”

You laughed harder this time, “Oh, Jesus, Hop!! Have fun cleaning that up!!”

“Brat,” he chuckled, “Thanks, sweetheart... I love you.”

“Love you too, hon.”

“I’ll see you tonight?”

“Yeah, and you bet your ass I’m making you take care of me this time!”

“I’d be my pleasure, Y/N.”